

SAND, THE GERMAN OARSMAN, WILL ROW THE POTOMAC'S CRACK SCULLER, C. D. DAVIS, TOMORROW

The first international race that has ever taken place between an amateur oarsman of America and one from a foreign country has been arranged for tomorrow on the Potomac river, when Mr. Waldemar Sand of the Berlin Rowing Club and Mr. Clarence D. Davis of the Potomac Boat Club will start a race.

Mr. Sand came to this country early in December to participate in the Jamestown regatta that ended in a fizzle, and also the national and middle states. He did row in the national, but owing to illness did not do justice to his reputation. At the middle states he defeated Mr. Davis in the final heat, but as Mr. Davis was interfered with by another sculler Mr. Sand did not think that was a fair one, and this match was arranged in order to decide the relative merits of the scullers on a clear course.

This international match between two Y. C. for the world's professional championship. It was witnessed by the greatest throng of people that ever saw an idea of the international match. It was estimated that the entire river front from the Aqueduct bridge down beyond Easy Point, a distance of over a mile, was crowded with spectators.

Mr. Sand is a German, and the race will be a great distinction for the local club, the Potomac, that it has the credit of being the first to arrange an international match with an oarsman from the old country, and the club intends to make the affair a pleasant one for the German emigrants. It will show him every advantage while here in Washington, so that he will return home well satisfied with his treatment by the members of the Potomac Boat Club.

The race tomorrow will be over the usual course of the Potomac, starting at the Aqueduct bridge and ending at the old boat house of the Potomac, a distance of about 1.5 miles. It will be started at 10 o'clock, and the race will be a 10-minute race. It will be a great event, and it is expected that it will attract a large crowd.

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LITTLE TALES OF THE BASE BALL DIAMOND

What Abbatichio Wanted to Know.

Abbatichio of the Pittsburgh team is one of the cleverest boys in the business, and can play any position but the pitcher's.

Rube, as the fans call him, is a great fellow for going around to parlor entertainments, and Rube is noted for this form of relaxation. At these parlor socials it is said that the clever ball player is the real candid kid, too, on account of his good humor and his willingness to play.

The other night he, Leach and Beaumont attended a soiree at the home of some of the elite in the neighborhood of Mount Washington, and the other two fellows introduced Rube as an Italian count.

The people present thought Rube was the genuine article, and he made a whole lot over the ball player. This was especially noticeable on the part of the ladies. After a few of the musically inclined folks present had favored the hearers with specimens of their art, both instrumental and vocal, Beaumont told the hostess that Abbatichio was a real count.

Upon hearing this the lady of the house sided over to the corner where the player was seated, and she said to him: "My dear count, won't you play the piano for us?"

"Sure," cried Abbatichio, rising hurriedly and going over to the instrument. "Oh, but I say," he exclaimed, "where is the handle to the thing?"

Del Mason's Wit.

Del Mason, the Cincinnati pitcher, who once played in Washington, is one of those ready-witted characters who never lose an opportunity to turn some incident into a jest.

Del is also known among the base ball fraternity as being the easiest proposition in the business to "touch," and though it is a fact not generally known, yet base ball players are assailed in every city by people who consider him a legitimate prey when it comes to begging money.

Very often it is the old down-and-out player, who gave his club the most miserable performance he could give, who is called upon to play for a five-spot off the present-day player. But generally it is some one who claims to come from a famous city.

The other day at Cincinnati a fellow called at Mason's hotel, and after a few minutes' talk he asked him to go with him to the lake and he got it.

When he was leaving the hotel Mason turned to Miller Higgins, the second baseman, and said:

"That fellow reminds me of a carriage cleaner."

"Is that so," queried Miller, "and in what way?"

"Oh," laughed Mason, "in that lazy manner he always has, 'because he sponges for a living.'"

What Waddell Thought.

The Athletics felt so good over their prospects of taking the pennant that when they were returning from Detroit a quartet, composed of Monte Cross, Harry Davis, Lord and Oldring, got together and began singing some of the popular airs of the day.

But Monte Cross, who has a cultivated voice, and who threatens to appear on the vaudeville stage, has a distinct liking for a quartet, and he and the other three were warbling and finding that each of the men knew the opening chorus of "Carman," he switched them to this.

All the players got an even start, and they all sang the music with their own voices, and at the topmost pitch of his voice.

The effect was something startling, and the other players in the next car passed in and saw the quartet were playing in order to listen.

"What in the name of all creation is that they are singing?" asked Waddell, after listening to the quartet for a few moments.

"That's something taken from 'Carman,'" replied Manager Mack, with a grin.

"Well, from the sound they are making," replied Waddell, "I have just received a very touching letter."

"What?" asked Mack.

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What Ed Walsh Wished.

During the recent series of games between Chicago and St. Louis Tim Hurst was the indicator hand. In the first part of one of the contests Ed Walsh was loud in his commendations, regarding Lou Timmer as an umpire.

"Why, Tim is a regular angel," cried Ed as he came to the bench after the third inning. "I never saw any one who could call the balls and strikes so perfectly as 'Tim,'" added the big pitcher, whose face glowed with the delight he felt at the fine work of Umpire Hurst.

After the fifth inning things began to break badly for the famous spit-balling artist, and he could be heard growling at Tim by the fellows who were seated on the players' bench.

This kept up until the last half of the ninth inning, when Ed came to the bench, and he said to the fellows who were seated on the players' bench:

"Why, you said some time ago that Hurst was an angel," exclaimed Manager Mack.

"Well," replied Walsh, as he bit savagely into a wad of chewing gum. "I wish to goodness that he was one now."

Waddell's Excuse When an Actor.

When the merry Mr. Waddell, who, it is claimed, has caused Connie Mack's hair to gray rapidly, was an actor in that spectacular drama entitled "The Stain of Guilt," he was not always to be depended on to show up at the theater in time for the performance, and sometimes he failed to appear for three or four days in a row.

What Tom Hughes Was Requested to Do.

When the Washington club was coming home from its second western trip the majority of the boys were herded in the smoking car, while several of the other fellows were seated in the train passing through the time away as best they could, for these long jumps is the nightmare of a ball player's life.

The second car from the engine the elongated Tom Hughes was reclining in the most comfortable position he could find when he was aroused from the lolling state he was in by a tap on his brawny shoulder.

Turning about in his seat to ascertain who had the audacity to be so familiar, Tom was confronted by the old man who wore glasses and who regarded the big pitcher quizzically over the rims.

"What name is this?" inquired the little man, as he took a tap on his brawny shoulder. "Is it not?" inquired the little man, as he took a tap on his brawny shoulder.

"My name is Hughes, all right," replied Tom, and I am a pitcher for the Washington club, too, but about the celebrated part of your argument it is not for me to say, kind sir," added Tom, with a yawn.

"Well," chirruped the old man, "a gentleman across the aisle there told me who you were. I do not know anything about base ball, but I can tell you that you are a very strong man, and I want you to come in and put it down for me."

"Yes, yes," hurriedly cried the little old gentleman, as he caught Tom by the shoulder. "I am a pitcher for the Washington club, too, but about the celebrated part of your argument it is not for me to say, kind sir," added Tom, with a yawn.

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J. C. Wineman & Co., Leading Authorities on Men's Tailoring.

Announce a Special Exhibit of Stylish Fall and Winter Suitings.

Our establishment has been thoroughly remodelled, and is now spoken of as the handsomest tailoring shop in Washington. All of our facilities have been bettered, our entire force strengthened—and with the largest and most exclusive showing of fall and winter wools ever brought to Washington we feel "fit" to give you the best tailoring service of our career.

As a special opening leader we offer High-grade Black and Blue Unfinished Worsted Fall Suitings, tailored in our best style, for.....\$25

J. C. Wineman & Co., 914 F STREET, High-grade Tailoring.

SAWYER, THE WINNIPEG TWIRLER, DRAFTED BY THE NATIONALS, REGARDED AS A CERTAIN COMER

Kenneth Sawyer, the Winnipeg twirler who has done such good work for the champions of the North Country League, drafted by the Washington team after being sold by the Winnipeg management to San Francisco, is regarded by Manager Eddie Herr of the Winnipeg team as a sure coming among pitchers, and it is not at all too much to say that the season will be won by him.

Sawyer is a young man, twenty-three years of age, and has the build of a pitcher, standing six feet and an inch in height and weighing 185 pounds. His habits are the best and he takes such excellent care of his health that it is so necessary for a man who essays a task that requires so much steadiness and control as the work of the base ball pitcher in these days of high development of the game.

The previous training of the graduate of Canadian base ball who will be seen on the field for Washington next spring was had at the Vermillion University, South Dakota, where Sawyer studied for three years to be a civil engineer and from which institution he graduated last summer. He was the star pitcher of the university team, and he was one of the best pitchers in the country.

It was not until Sawyer was drafted by the Washington team that he was known to the public. Sawyer was drafted by the Washington team, and he was one of the best pitchers in the country.

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TO PLAY BALTIMORE TODAY RECORD FOR ANGUS POINTER

LOCAL CRICKETERS WILL MEET ST. GEORGE.

Second Game Between the Teams Will Take Place on the Grounds Near Chevy Chase Circle.

The final intercity match game, to be played on the home grounds at Chevy Chase Circle, will be played today between the St. George Cricket Club of Baltimore and the Washington Cricket Club. The game will be called at 12 o'clock.

The members of the home team hope to even up the score which resulted from the last match between these clubs, recently played in Baltimore, and have been indulging in hard practice in preparation for the match. As a final practice and for the purpose of obtaining a line on the form of the players a hard practice match was played yesterday on the home grounds between the two teams, and the result was a draw.

The score of the practice game of yesterday follows:

CAPTAIN'S TEAM.

W. C. Davis, b. Roberts..... 6
J. C. Davis, b. Roberts..... 10
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PRINCE'S TEAM.

J. C. Davis, b. Roberts..... 6
W. C. Davis, b. Roberts..... 10
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BILLTOWN WINS OUT.

Captures the Pennant in the Tri-State League.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., September 14.—The Tri-State League base ball season closed today, Williamsport winning the pennant by a margin of 75 points. The other clubs finished in the following order: Harrisburg, 1st; Lehigh Valley, 2nd; Allentown, 3rd; Williamsport, 4th.

By C. C. Pettus.

As the look at Edward Garrison, the burly trainer of Lord Lovat, would take him for the famous Jockey of twenty years ago, depicted by "Father Bill" Daly, from a rather weighty lad. After the race for the time-honored Great Eastern handicap at Sheepshead Bay yesterday, a race that has made American turf history for the past twenty-five years, James Rowe, trainer of the Keene stable, turned to Garrison with the remark, "You don't look like the ninety-pound kid I saw win the Great Eastern handicap. In its inaugural year, 1883, you were a young kid, and you won on Dutch Roller for Mr. Keene. At that I rode lighter than you did for Col. McDaniel. I only weighed eighty-seven pounds at Jerome Park in those four-mile races."

As Rowe tips the beam at 220 pounds and Garrison at about 180, the bystanders appear the two ex-jockeys, for only a corporal's guard of the present generation of racegoers were witnesses of these achievements of Rowe and Garrison in the saddle, recorded at a time when good riders were much more plentiful than now. Had the scale of weights been raised, as it should have been long ago, we would have more first-class jockeys today.

Older than the Futurity, or indeed than any two-year-old stake at Sheepshead Bay, the Great Eastern has always been a popular event with owners and trainers. And when the fertile brain of the late secretary of the Coney Island Jockey Club, J. G. Lawrence, evolved the new stake in 1883, its conditions met with instant favor. The inaugural entry, a fine, ninety-seven-year-old gelding, represented by most of the great stables and more than one owner got ready for a prospective coup in the new stake.

James R. Keene's stable was not so large then as now. Nor were his successes on this side of the ocean so sweeping as of late years. He had not yet established the Coney Island stable, and he was not yet either from ready-made race horses, as in the cases of Dan Sparling, Spendthrift and others, or from the yearling lottery from which he had selected the best of the yearlings at Woodburn the great Foxhall, still considered by many as the best race horse ever carried the Keene stable to victory.

Foxhall's Caesarstew and Cambridge-sire successes, the latter with 125 pounds on the race track, were the only two other horses of all ages, electrified the English turf world and landed his owner wagers amounting to \$100,000, besides the stake values. He also won the Grand Prize of Paris, Ascot cup and other great races.

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By C. C. Pettus.

As the look at Edward Garrison, the burly trainer of Lord Lovat, would take him for the famous Jockey of twenty years ago, depicted by "Father Bill" Daly, from a rather weighty lad. After the race for the time-honored Great Eastern handicap at Sheepshead Bay yesterday, a race that has made American turf history for the past twenty-five years, James Rowe, trainer of the Keene stable,